

there was a look of recognition upon her face, though she made no sign of greeting and neither spoke.

Then John Travers went into the world of business. Eight years had passed and he had fought hard during those years. He had made a name for himself in the financial world; at 30 he was a rising power in the street. It was no wonder that his enemies grew numerous as his power grew stronger.

And as the years went by Travers began to realize that he was obtaining singularly little out of life. At 30 he seemed already an old man in experience. Life brought him no happiness. He did not understand the cause of this, but he realized that he had somehow missed something which all his wealth could not supply.

Then came the panic, and the fight for survival. Everybody was leagued against Travers to pull him down. For a whole week, during which time he hardly slept, John fought. Then the pack had him down and his fortune, swollen to millions, crumbled to nothing in a single day.

So he had gone home to the little village, to the house which he had inherited after his parents' death, but never occupied. It was some homing instinct that drew him there to gather the wreck of his world about him. And, once there, just as in the days of his return from school and college, everything seemed to fall away from him but the old house and its immediate interests. He spent two days there, never going outside, afraid of the stares of the curious, keeping the shades drawn and the gas burning.

It was absurd, but he began to realize that through all his days of struggle in the metropolis he had been thinking subconsciously of the girl at the window opposite. What an immense share she had had in his life, this girl to whom he had never even spoken, although he knew her well! And he realized, too, that it was her memory that kept him from

doing the shady things which other men did in the financial world.

At last he had resolved to end it, to plunge out of the life that had brought him nothing into one which could at least offer nothing worse to him. And, after long thought, he had drawn from his pocket the revolver which he had always carried since the beginning of his debacle.

He raised it to his forehead and looked at the reflection in the mirror. His finger tightened upon the trigger. Then—

A knock at the door startled him and he thrust the weapon away and opened the door. He gasped to see, before him, the girl at the window opposite.

She came into the room impulsively.

"Mr. Travers," she began, "I know you will resent this intrusion, but we are old neighbors. My name is Marjorie Danvers, and I often used to see you when we were children. I live opposite — I have lived there alone since my parents died two years ago. And I heard you were back and in trouble.

"You know how people gossip in this little place. We heard you were alone here and had not left the house. We were all afraid some harm had come to you. So I went to the door and knocked, and when you did not answer I came up. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Her eyes fell upon the revolver muzzle protruding from the bookcase in which he had hidden it. She looked at it and him wildly.

"You were not—not thinking of that?" she cried.

"Yes," he answered, "I was. But you cured me now. Listen, Miss Danvers. I have lived a selfish life, solely for myself and I have had little pleasure out of it. But now I have come home, and—and I want life to begin to mean something to me. Do you know how often I have thought of you?"

"How strange!" she said. "I have